

## The second part of

*War.* Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.

*Hum.* This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.

*King* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,  
Into some other chamber.

Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,  
Vnlesse some dult and fauourable hand

Will whisper musique to my weary spirite.

*War.* Call for the musique in the other roome.

*King* Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.

*Clar.* His eie is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

*Enter Harry*

*Prince* Who saw the duke of Clarence?

*Clar.* I am here brother, ful of heauinesse.

*Prince* How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?  
How doth the King?

*Hum.* Exceeding ill.

*Prince* Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.

*Hum.* He alired much vpon the hearing it,

*Prince* If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phisicke.

*War.* Not so much noyse my Lords, sweete prince, speake  
lowe, the King your father is disposde to sleepe.

*Cla.* Let vs withdraw into the other roome.

*War.* Wilt please your Grace to go along with vs?

*Prince* No, I wil sit and watch heere by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polisht perturbation! golden care!

That keepst the ports of Slumber open wide

To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)

Snores out the watch of night, O maiestie!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,

That scaldst with safty (by his gates of breath)

There

## Henry the

There lies a dowlly feather which  
Did he suspire, that light and weig  
Perforce must moue my gracious  
This sleepe is sound indeede, this  
That from this golden Rigoll hath  
So many English Kings, thy deav  
Is teares and heauy sorowes of the  
Which nature, loue, and filiall tend  
Shall (O deare father) pay thee pl  
My due from thee is this imperial  
Which as immediate from thy pla  
Deriues it selfe to me: loe where  
Which God shal guard, and put t  
Into one giant arme, it shal not fo  
This lineal honor from me, this fi  
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to

*Enter Warwicke, Gloucester,*

*King* Warwicke, Gloucester,

*Clar.* Doth the King cal?

*War.* What would your Maie

*King* Why did you leaue me?

*Cla.* We left the prince my br  
dertooke to sit and watch by you

*King* The prince of Wales, wh  
is not here.

*War.* This doore is open, he

*Hum.* He came not through t

*King* Where is the Crowne?

*War.* When we withdrew, my

*King* The Prince hath tane it  
Is he so hastie, that he doth suppo

Finde him, my lord of Warwick

This part of his conioynes with

And helps to end me: see, sonnes

How quickly nature falls into re

When gold becomes her obiect